

from F M Busby in the vicinity of 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle, Wash. 98119. This is clearly intended for the 116th FAPA mailing, August 1966, and that is about all that is clear to me at this point.

For one thing I got the bright idea of running off my first two stencils on both sides of one sheet of paper while I had a lot of other stuff to crank thru the Gestinker. All well and good, except that everything else got wound up in just three more stencils prior to this one. So now I either have to mail out two blank sides per copy or put this front page on the back, as time does not permit the leisurely filling of two more pages to make a respectable-sized zine. And I do hate to pay the Post Office for handling 136 blank sides, somehow.

Stay tuned to this stirring drama of Convenience vs Principle (even-money).

Good Lord. Speaking to this wide and diverse audience concerning all the wondrous things to be found in this great big wonderful world, there must be something to say to you that has not been said already in the preceding (or subsequent, as it may happen) batch of merely five measly little stencils. Hmm..

Yes. Harry Warner, you were saying in another forum (like Quip 3) that if I were younger than you and don't need a draft card, you don't either. Bad news, man: I think I have consistently racked up more years on my age than you have, over the long haul, being as I had a head start, like 1921. So do not burn your draft card just yet, without checking officially, unless you happen to need the light or the heat or the publicity (I jest) from it. Sorry about that.

The draft is of course an abomination, much like sales taxes and traffic lights and activity requirements. The problem is how to find a better answer so as to be able to do without any of these. I'm open to suggestions but I can't speak for Mack the Knife (well, I can, but it won't count).

That brings us to politics. I will skip that part of it if you will.

Artless Artwork would be the easy way to fill out this page but unfortunately every example that comes to mind this evening is Too Dirty (sigh!).

Finally the radio got installed in the Toyota today (July 28). It is a great little radio; too bad it is several years too late to bring us any great little programs. AM radio today is not tolerable for very long at a time. Gee, I remember when you got five whole minutes between commercials; now it's vice-versa at best: the loud strident commercial is most of it. So I can't see why or how AM radio continues at all-- who can stand to listen to it? Someone must... (Perhaps the sponsors hid themselves into believing that their normal sales are due to this saturation and pay out money for it quite needlessly.)

A little comedy relief is required around here. Yeh. OK. our mayor, the Honorable J D "Dormant" Braman, finally got teed-off at the School Forces for opposing his pitch to get the cities a slice of the state sales tax. It is a good sign; we had thought that perhaps Dormant only came out of hibernation every election or when a go-go girl fanned him into life with her swinging mammaries. It is nice to see that he responds to more than one stimulus, and he does make a good point that the School Forces have cranked their take up a cool 700% while the city gov't has made do with a mere 87% increase, not having a professional caste system to build up the overhead quite so fast. (The teacher-salary bite makes up very little of that 700% bulge, be it known.) So much for Civics.

Oh, all right; there is no disguising the fact that this is sort of a tiny little zine, short of printing on only one side of thick paper and I won't. No excuses and no refunds; I just goofed up and it caught up with me, is all. Chee.

But there has to be a pony in here somewhere. I do hope you find it. OK then: Wise Guys for Peace (a Capitalist Front) say "Get the Vietnamese out of Vietnam" (we've tried everything else). And "Support your Civil Riots movement" is so obvious that you must have seen it somewhere else already. Didn't you?

You just can't be as tired reading this as I was writing it, so cheer up.

A Westercon Report: 1966

"For us, this Westercon began last year when the bid was awarded to San Diego..." You all know how that bit goes; it is an excuse for the narrator to discuss everything including the kitchen sink before getting around to his purported subject-matter. We'll have none of that around here; no sir.

Our plans called for driving down in the '60 Lark (the Toyota is never and peppier but the Lark has those lovely individual lie-down front seats), leaving here the last Sunday in June and arriving home about 2 weeks later, visiting on the way at least 5 households full of relatives and non-fan friends besides a few known to the readership. Nothing but the Very Best Planning, you understand.

Around 5pm Thursday June 9th we repaired to the local Bus Depot to meet George Locke, FAPAN and glider-buff over from the UK on an (Ahahahaha!) all-purpose Greyhound Bus ticket. Greyhound was apparently unsatisfied with its outrages against the Willises and Ethel Lindsay; this time The Bastards Went Out On Strike in the western US: George arrived by Continental Snailways (his term) around 9pm. Well, he didn't get away with that, I assure you. We ran him around Green Lake twice and held a Nameless meeting here where he could not escape from it, and took him to a party at Wrai Ballard's place up in the Univ district where the fringies hang out and use LSD and all that. Then, relenting, we allowed him to go out to the local glider-field where he could get up Above It All for a little while, a couple of times. But life is not all play, so the next day we had to take him to the train (hi there, Bill Evans!).

Less than 2 hours later on that same afternoon of Monday, June 13th, Elinor and I found ourselves on another train, bound for Tropical Toronto, Ontario, Canada. (Don't panic, men; misdirection is all the thing in modern fiction.)

Drenched in the sybaritic luxury of modern-day rail travel and a few goodly dollops from the club car, we enriched our stopover in gay cosmopolitan Chicago by trekking past the Twin Towers Hotel and finding a much better bar on the SE corner of that block than the ChiconIII (in case you were wondering) hotel had to offer. And amid glad cries from the bartender (when I paid the bill) we boarded a Canadian Nat'l RR train for (huzzah!) Tropical Toronto. To the best of my knowledge, this is the only place in the US (Canuck trains, that is) where you can drink good old no-kidding Canadian beer in the US of A, so I did.

Boyd Raeburn had set up reservations for us at the Lord Simcoe Hotel, and since this was only two blocks from the headquarters of Canadian Nat'l Telegraph I dropped around the next morning (June 16) to confer with CNT folks about all sorts of things (that I cannot tell you about because they are not only unclassified but understandable and I don't want to shake your faith in Technology), in the hope that this would give me brownie points with my boss who had OK'd this side-jant on gummint funds. (MY jaunt, that is; Elinor's came out of my pocket as usual.) I came away from CNT not much more confused than before, which is very good for this sort of thing if you read past the gingerbread of official reports, and after a swinging tour of the high spots of Toronto with Boyd in his Mercedes 220S which surprised the hell out of us, we were taken down into the dungeon at Willowdale and subjected to assaults by booze and rock'n'roll, both in stereo. I think I either joined or founded a Jacky Mouliere Fan Club. I must have been brainwashed; ever since then I find myself singing "Hang On, Sloopy" at the drop of the slightest very bad part of town.

The very next day (no rest, mind you) it was off for Aylmer East, home of the Clarkes, Morses, Pengs, alligators and Queebshots. We were well on our way before Boyd informed me that there is NO beer on that whole goddamn highway!

Yes, you will want to catch your breath a little, after that.

So we had lunch at a nice-looking little Facility. Boyd was saying how you could or could not, depending, get any food item that was not listed specifically on the menu. Boy, did he ever find out! "You have eggs, don't you? You have bacon, don't you? You have bread, don't you? Then why can't you fix me a bacon and egg sandwich?" (he said, quite calmly, despite my underlining here). "Because it isn't on the menu", said the adolescent waitress with great finality. *Yes.*

At the same time I had the problem of "iced tea" which turned up as a glass of murky liquid unidentifiable from previous experience. The problem was how to find grounds to object to it, because it did not taste like anything. At last I found something familiar about the stuff; it was sweet. "There is sugar in this iced tea" I said; "I do not take sugar in iced tea" (true). What she said, and I strive for accuracy, was "But the mix comes with sugar in it"--!

Nerves shattered, I settled for a glass of milk and no charge for the "tea". Then away along the St Lawrence through the Thousand Islands area, and if that is not fabulous terrain it will do until something better comes along. For instance, there are all these little bitty flat islands with houses on them that have obviously been there for at least 20-30 years-- one gathers that flood problems have been solved on this waterway for some time back. Also we went across to one big isle and up a 400-foot tower that we (but not they) call Space Needle East. Great views all around, but 65 copies of the prints would be a little steep.

And finally off the freeway sections (OK, Boyd, so I'm condensing a little) to the 2-lane bit up to Ottawa. Have you ever noticed how on 2-lane road every fugghead on wheels will pull out from a sideroad right in front of 60-mph you, to do maybe 35mph? Let me specify that Canada is no exception, at the least.

But eventually and just ahead of my imminent death from thirst (Boyd found a new cutoff around slummy old Ottawa) we reached Aylmer East. Boyd and Norm and I whomped down to the ghroshry store for the necessary additions to supplies, and -- but you high-minded people do not like to read about *drinking* orgies and stuff like that-- well, let's say that my dehydrated pores healed up OK.

We all went out to the fabulous Glenlea Club where I swear by my battered cardrums that the drummers use something akin to dynamite sticks, and it is said that many of us actually stepped out on the floor and did orchiastic teenage dances (the great thing about those is that if you don't know how, nobody can tell the difference), and Norm finally showed up with his sax and tooted good. At a later hour we got back to 9 Bancroft St and the cowards such as Boyd and Gina and Elinor copped out, but Norm and I somehow kept talking and beering until around 8am (it is now June 19; you are not really There, but that is just your hard luck) when it suddenly struck us that someone might get up and expect us to stay up, so we split and copped out, victims of the 24-hour day.

Up bright and early at 1 pm Sunday 19th, I had breakfast (don't let Gina kid you; she is kindly), cut stencils for Lilapa and the Queebshot, and while taking aboard more lovely Canadian beer, was filled with a Sense of Wonder: like I kept wondering whether the load was tapering off from last night or picking up a new one. (The serious student will recognize that It Doesn't Really Matter.)

Also during this day we met many people. Paul and Bunia Wyszowski, Elinor's purported double (it ain't, but there are aspects) Mary Lou Downes and her sister Jeannie Campbell, and Bill Morse, who (hi, Bill!) is not at all a stodgy surly bear as I had somehow expected, but a vital & very likeable guy... one of the most unexpected pleasant surprises of this leg of the safari.

I hope I'm not forgetting anyone, but considering everything I proolly am. Nonetheless it was a rather gorgeous evening at 9 Bancroft that Sunday, and the next day all were mobile and happy except for the ^{usual} Goodbye Trauma; we popped over to Hull and bought booze to take home (I won't tell you how many gallon jugs of wine Boyd bought, because you wouldn't believe me-- and now you won't believe him when he explains... nobody wins in this game). So back to Toronto in the 220S through some pretty spectacular lightning-storms, thanks again to Boyd.

Chicago was a drag this time; 85° outside and 65° inside is not healthy. We viewed the Two Towers from a distance and found that the myth of finding a way between them on the 14th floor is impossible: the gap is at least 75 feet and the northern tower only has 11 stories. Fannish mythology in this instance would have benefited if only someone-- anyone-- had crossed to the west side of Michigan Ave and looked back across the street, in 1962. But compared to religion or politics I guess that's still a pretty good factual average. So much for nostalgia; we stopped by Seattle on Thursday June 23rd, right on schedule. A real triumph.

There is a lot of road between Seattle and San Diego, but we need not cover that in detail-- mainly because we did not go to San Diego, having spent all the Westercon loot to make the Toronto/Aylmer trip a family affair. (I was going to Cute that part up, like "Friday the first fan we did not see was Forrie Ackerman" and "This year we missed the banquet" and similar horseplay, but the hell with it). Anyway, Elinor had caught cold on the way home and was pretty much out of it during all the time we would have been traveling and well into the Con weekend itself, whereas about midway through that weekend I caught the chest-cough end of it and slumped around with my lungs full of hot gravel all the next week-- which started as vacation and ended up being converted to sick leave. So no doubt it is just as well the Calif trip had already been called on account of finances, even though we do regret missing a lot of folks at the bash.

But these ills, although irritating, were relatively minor. The worst of the lot was that Sunday, July 3rd, we lost Lisa Plumcake, the fastest tongue in the west. June 23, in contrast to the usual scene when she and Nobby came home from Dr. Guilfoil's after a trip, she turned up too skinny, somewhat listless, and off her feed for the 2nd time of her life (the first being late in '64 when her kidneys went bad and it took a special diet and vitamins to restore her). This went along and went along for about a week, with Dr G clued in and advising, and with expedients such as offering her dinner early and often each day until she'd put away a fair amount or as much as she'd touch-- until Friday she would not take it at all-- just the vitamin (a prized Goodie), water, and some pot roast. Saturday no vitamin, no food at all, just water-- but since she could still move around and was responsive (tail-wagging, courting being petted, etc) we kept thinking she might be able to pull out of it. Showed no signs of being in pain but then she never did, the little stoic, except when caught offguard such as having her tail stepped on inadvertently. (Several years ago when her back went bad, Dr G found his diagnostic efforts hampered because she would not flinch for him when he hit a sore spot; finally he noticed that her breathing changed, took a hitch, at certain points, so he had to go by that indication). But Sunday she could not get up, walk, stand, or even take water when offered. She'd fight up onto her front legs and that's all, except that her breathing calmed down and the tail tried to waggle upon being petted. (Bum sentence.) So there you are: reason says there is no chance but they won't give up; now what do you do? I guess the last straw was the dogs' dinnertime, about noon. Nobby all eager and bouncing, and Lisa unable to sip water, let alone take any food we could tempt her with. So we gave up, and Dr Guilfoil, who had known her as long as we had, within a couple of days, confirmed that she might hang on for a day or so but that it wasn't worth it, and gave her the intravenous finale, an overload of ordinary anesthetic which he said would kill a 75-pound dog. Even so, she stubbornly continued breathing longer than she was "supposed" to do. It is a helluva thing to take the choice away from a game little entity like that, but at least it short-circuits some of the indignities perpetrated on one by the approach of death, unlike the obscenity of keeping humans "alive" with oxygen and IV-glucose and the like when by any true accounting they are really dead.

So anyway, quite illegally I planted that puppy-girl nice and deep in the garden at the side of the house, where she belongs, facing front against the menace of the paper boy, postman, and other intruders she always barked-away. She still haunts the joint in that it still seems she must be around here some place, just out of sight for the moment; after all, in 10 years and 8 months she made quite an imprint on us. But that arrogant/humble little beast could hardly leave anything but a happy ghost; she's welcome to haunt me all she likes.

Nobs hasn't fussed or pined as we feared; apparently he absorbed the sights and smells of approaching death and accepted it on the instinctive level, though he never used to be able to abide her absence at all. He seems in some ways to be reverting to his puppyish behavior as when he was last (in '55) an Only Dog, and in other ways to be taking on some of her mannerisms (to be both dogs for us??). Anthropomorphism aside, the little critturs do seem to come up with some very complex responses. (OK; enough. Hoist a drink to Lisa, though, if you like.)

So meanwhile on the local scene, Wally Weber has returned after a 2-year exile to *Huntspatch*, Alabama. No, we are not going to revive CRY; it was worth doing once but we are all out of the mood. However, Wally did return to a frightening (I'd guess) resurgence of interest in Worldcon bidding. The local Hyatt House has expanded enough to handle another Con at the current rate of growth if we try for '68, so I guess we will-- before our good old manager goes away and leaves us a new one to break in. The thing is, no other area is even trying to set up another poolside WorldCon, and possibly it can't be done anywhere except way up here in the Sticks, so we'd like to have a shot at it while it is still feasible and before the group scatters. (OK, call it a Plug...)

And now I'd better get on to some sort of Comments, as Elinor and I are taking off in just a few days for the Banff and Lake Louise area again, to do a lot of hiking and drink a lot of Calgary Ale and McGuinness Gin and other goodies not for sale at any price in the benighted taxhappy state in which we live. I wonder if we will really be able to top last year's trek to the top of 7500-foot Sulphur Mountain with the 8000-foot glacier above Lake Louise; stay tuned.

And now, about that last (115th) mailing: A Few Kind Words...

FA 115: A ten-vote poll really doesn't mean much. That's more FAPAns than I haven't met (9) at this time, though. Whatever that means...

Habakkuk #7 Ch2V1: This is fabulous. If it were not 27 July (I Goof Off a lot) I'd love to ramble on about this Goodie, but as it is, just please take it that I Read And Appreciated this zine like crazy.

Synapse: OK, a restatement. The reason mirrors "reverse from left to right and not from top to bottom" is entirely subjective, in that left and right change (reverse) as we move from inside to outside view, while top and bottom do not. And while lenses and mirrors "don't do the same thing", there's no difference in the symmetry of their behavior along any axis.

Interestingly enough, it is reported that when the eastern contingent passed through the BArea after the Westercon this year, the most strident crusader of the lot did not so much as dial up his Hero on the ameche. (Disillusionment??...)

Niekas 15: (the Ben Solon column) James Wright isn't out of fandom. After he pulled the schoolboy ploy and made turmoil for several others besides himself, things simmered down eventually, and now he is Culting it again with the best of the Nasty Bastards, and no sweat. Matter'a'fact we expect to see him at next month's Nameless meeting if all goes well. Goofs aren't that permanent.

Spinnaker Reach 3/1 (5): No, we didn't take a canoe to the head of Lake Louise; we walked it, and this year will try the glacier trail up from there. Strange to find that Lake Louise is actually a little smaller than our local Green Lake that we walk around twice each weekend when not rained out.

Tsk. Naturally a 30-waister of 5-9 or more has no weight problem, except maybe holding it. My 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages of remarks were retroactively concerned with the problem of a fella (me) of 5-7 going from a tight 33 to a loose 30 without too much sweat, and holding it to date (still). The possible overemphasis was because I was surprised to find the reduction so easily possible, and because a fast look at our contemporaries indicates that they could use the encouragement. (Or had you noticed how the Fat Society is creeping up on even our juniors??)

Damballa 10: Gliding does look fascinating. Like you, I came near having a go at it when George Locke was here; the external weather was great but inside it was still fragile from the party at Wrai's the night before. I still may try it sometime, without prejudice to my aversion to air travel...

A Tibetan lama in s-f? Only thing that comes to mind (for sure) is a 1940 tale in one of the Standard Mags: "The Man Who Was Millions"--- though I know there are others and more recent, that elude me at the moment.

I sec I forgot to say that it was kidney failure that finally got Lisa. One thing about having two dogs is that losing one of them only cuts you in two half-way. Luckily Nobs (although the elder) continues sprightly and chipper.

(O yes; I dig about 98% of the "Tired American" editorial, muchly.)

Qurp! 5: A shame to find no comments on a zine as enjoyable as this.

Kim Chi 8: Our teevy-lookin' is down (for the most part) to Just "I Spy" (re which we agree with your appreciation of it) and "The Avengers" which has way-out kooky plots and a fine flavor plus that livin' doll as Mrs Peel.

The dealer vs mail-order prices bit was on new .357 revolvers: the S&W at about \$140 locally, vs Herter's model that has gone up to about \$52, now, but was more like \$45 when I was first drawing the comparison.

The way to strip a lug nut is to get an oldfashioned one-handle wrench at a little below the horizontal and bend down and brace your feet and pull up. Either the thing will strip out (assuming you mistake the sense of the threads, as I did), or else Happy Hernia, gang! I dunno if I was so awfully *strong*, but being relatively small and light, and working on old rusty junk for the most part, I was used to having to Get My Back Into It and pull like all hell at times. (Silliest trick was loading bags of cement onto a truck, with about a 50-foot loaded walk involved. They looked small so I took two and wondered why they did seem so damn heavy, carried flat and in front of me: must be at least 60 pounds apiece, I thought, and the heat must be getting to me. On the 3rd trip the next bag had the label up and I saw that the sunbidges were 90 pounds each. Needless to say I took 'em one at a time after that and quit worrying about the heat.)

Salud 23: I do wish you'd hit it more often, doll; you're swingin' fine here.

Binx 2: I wish you didn't have to go through such agonizing travail to inspire these highly entertaining pages, Dean.

Horizons 106: I see your point that there could be much better methods (than seniority of application) for handling the waiting list. The problem is that there is (I feel) no way to change from the current method without being horribly unfair to those who have sweat it out and are now close to Consummation. I think any change would have to be introduced gradually and with a Grandfather Clause to protect the sensibilities of our really longtime wlers. Perhaps it could be that the old rules hold until number *howmuch* Passes Over, and then the new rules (whatever they might turn out to be) take effect. Discussion??

Beats me how you continue to avoid the weight problem; usually it holds off for a while but eventually Strikes. (If you Eat Out all the time, that is the answer: after 2 weeks of restaurant food, nothing on the menu looks fit to eat, in my own experience. First year I was married I put on 30 pounds...)

Horib 2: No doubt I did miss a lot of points in the Eglinton review, in only the three pages. Tried to give an outline, but you know how that goes.

Pos Hikompos 2: It's just the old problem, Bob: what have you done for us lately?

Adam Film Quarterly: I was never much for sublimation, but this is a gasser.

JDM Bibliophile 2: A useful item; thanks for doing all that work, Len.

..Fitch in the Pool: Like Don, we may have waited too long before we voted this.

UL 23: You're starting an ambitious project, Norm. Hope you follow it through.

It's All Georgina Clarke's Fault: Oh, not entirely. Nice idea, though.

Godot 6: I see you have the gun problem pretty well pegged, Mike. (All the Dodd Bills in the world would not have kept Oswald from buying his rifle at the local hardware store; the criminal stays armed tho the citizen be disarmed; etc.)

It seems I've overdone the Reducing Story; sorry, all. The thing was that I found it so unexpectedly easy (after thinking for years that it was practically impossible) to knock off over 20 pounds and keep it off, that I wanted to Spread The Good Word, for many are not so fortunate as you are, Mike, in this respect.

The "Dead Man's Hand" was that held by Wild Bill Hickok when he was killed. It was "two pair", aces and eights, all black. The 5th card is apparently unknown.